



THE TRANSFORMERS: REANIMATED.
"FOR THE LOVE OF H.A.T.E., PART 1."

Written by

Greig Tansley &
Youseph "Yoshi" Tanha.

Art and Colors by
Damon Batt.

Based on the original cartoon series, The Transformers:
ReAnimated, bridges the gap between the seminal second season and
the 1986 Movie that defined the childhood of millions.

PAGE ONE:

PANEL 1:

INT. THE AUTOBOT ARK - MAIN CONTROL ROOM.

A FULL SPLASH PAGE reveals the DATA SCREEN of TELETRAAN-1. Its digital image reveals a NEWSPAPER'S FRONT PAGE. Its PHOTOGRAPH is that of ASTORIA CARLTON-RITZ (from *The Girl Who Loved Powerglide*), while the HEADLINE reads: **MISSING! HYBRID TECHNOLOGIES CEO FEARED KIDNAPPED!**

POWERGLIDE
(off-panel)
Well, why are we just standin ' here? We gotta go **do** somethin'!

PROWL
(off-panel)
Easy, Powerglide...

PAGE TWO:

PANEL 1:

POWERGLIDE stands before Teletraan-1 and its image of Astoria with his HANDS ON HIS HEAD with WORRY. Beside Powerglide, PROWL does his best to calm the mini-bot, while both OPTIMUS PRIME and BLASTER also stand nearby.

Blaster's CHEST COMPARTMENT is LIT-UP, an indication that he is receiving a TRANSMISSION of some kind.

PROWL (CONT'D)
... we've got more than just Astoria to deal with.

POWERGLIDE
But, but...

OPTIMUS PRIME
Prowl is right, Powerglide. We'll help Miss Carlton-Ritz as soon as we can, however...

BLASTER
Whoa! I'm picking up a **wicked** emergency signal!

PANEL 2:

Blaster TRANSFORMS to boom-box-mode, SHRINKING TO LAND on Teletraan-1's terminal as WHEELJACK enters the frame to stand beside Optimus Prime.

BLASTER (CONT'D)
It's coming from the **WHITE HOUSE!**
Ow!

WHEELJACK
The White House? You mean..?

PANEL 3:

OVER OPTIMUS PRIME'S SHOULDER - with Blaster now CONNECTED to Teletraan-1, PRESIDENT RONALD REAGAN appears on Teletraan-1's DATA SCREEN.

OPTIMUS PRIME
President Reagan. It is a pleasure to see you again, sir.

REAGAN
Well, I wish it were under better circumstances, Optimus Prime. I need your help. It seems strange happenings are afoot out near Las Vegas. My people are sending you a visual now.

PANEL 4:

CLOSE ON Teletraan-1's data screen. With a camera shot LOOKING OUT FROM and THROUGH the city of LAS VEGAS, a DOZEN HIGH-TECH TANKS sit on the HORIZON. Each tank is COBALT-BLUE in color, adorned with THREATENING, TWIN-TURRETS and DOMED COCKPITS made of BLACKED-OUT GLASS.

REAGAN (CONT'D)
(captioned)
As you can see, Optimus Prime, two hours ago, these unusual robotic-tanks arrived at the outskirts of Las Vegas!

PANEL 5:

Optimus Prime looks on at Teletraan-1 as Reagan's face returns to the data screen.

REAGAN (CONT'D)
I fear the Decepticons may be involved.
(MORE)

REAGAN (CONT'D)

My best military minds don't know what they are or where they came from, but those tanks have 'Megatron' written all over them!

PANEL 6:

CONFUSED, Powerglide SCRATCHES HIS HEAD. While Wheeljack appears DISAPPOINTED with his little crimson friend, Optimus Prime and Prowl remain FOCUSED on Teletraan-1 and its image of Reagan.

POWERGLIDE

But, Megatron isn't a tank. And even if he was, why would he write his name on himself? Worst. Disguise. Ever.

WHEELJACK

No, you big dummy. He means...

PROWL

Optimus, we haven't heard hide-nor-hair from the Decepticons for a while now. Why would they suddenly attack Las Vegas?

OPTIMUS PRIME

(to Reagan)

I don't know, but don't worry, Mr. President, you can count on us. If Megatron has anything to do with this, we'll take care of it.

PAGE THREE:

PANEL 1:

With Teletraan-1 (and Reagan's face) behind him, a CLEARLY-STILL-UPSET Powerglide APPROACHES Optimus Prime, while Blaster remains connected to the supercomputer.

REAGAN

Thank you, Optimus Prime.

POWERGLIDE

But, what about Astoria? We gotta help her!

BLASTER

Speakin' of which, we need to switch to TFN... right now!

PANEL 2:

CLOSE ON Teletraan-1's data screen. Its image now displays the face of HANNAH MCCORMACK, an AFRICAN-AMERICAN NEWS ANCHOR. The TFN logo is SUPER-IMPOSED on the TOP RIGHT of the screen, revealing that Blaster is now channeling a TELEVISION BROADCAST into the Ark.

HANNAH MCCORMACK
(through Teletraan-1)
Welcome back to TFN. With Breaking News, I'm Hannah McCormack. A ransom video has just been transmitted to the press by the alleged abductors of Hybrid Technologies CEO, Astoria Carlton-Ritz. TFN warns its viewers, some may find the following video... disturbing.

PANEL 3:

CLOSE ON Powerglide's HORRIFIED FACE as he LOOKS UPON the UNSEEN (by us) RANSOM VIDEO. The REFLECTION of Teletraan-1 can be seen in his eyes, showing a SILHOUETTED MAN, hidden in DARKNESS.

UNKNOWN ABDUCTOR
Who we are is irrelevant. Who we **have**, is Astoria Carlton-Ritz. Do not try to find us. We will soon communicate further ransom details, but until then, do not cross us. Or **she** will suffer the consequences.

POWERGLIDE
Oh no. Astoria!

PANEL 4:

Powerglide RUSHES to Optimus Prime, REACHING UP at the Autobot Leader like a FRIGHTENED CHILD running to their parent.

POWERGLIDE (CONT'D)
See? We gotta do somethin'! Please, Optimus!

PANEL 5:

Blaster TRANSFORMS back to robot-mode to LAND ON HIS FEET beside Prowl, while TRACKS enters the frame to draw Optimus Prime's attention away from Powerglide.

TRACKS

Look, as much as I care about saving Powerglide's rich little debutante, what about those hideous tanks near Las Vegas?

PROWL

Tracks is right, Prime. We can't ignore **either** threat.

BLASTER

Whoa! Optimus, my anti-encryption, geo-locator is singin' to me like a Lithonian cyber-bird! It says that video was transmitted from a small island in the South Pacific!

PANEL 6:

Optimus Prime TURNS to see BUMBLEBEE, CLIFFJUMPER, BRAWN, BEACHCOMBER and SEASPRAY in the control room behind him.

OPTIMUS PRIME

Good work, Blaster. And you're right, Prowl. Those tanks certainly do require our attention. However, Miss Carlton-Ritz **also** needs us. Brawn, take a team to that island and find those responsible for her abduction. The rest of us will head to Las Vegas to deal with these mysterious tanks.

BRAWN

You got it, Prime!

PAGE FOUR:

PANEL 1:

WIDE SHOT - Bumblebee, Cliffjumper, Beachcomber, Brawn, Seaspray and Powerglide (all in vehicle-mode) RACE BY Optimus Prime and towards the Ark's EXIT.

BRAWN (CONT'D)

Come on, guys... let's get to that island!

BEACHCOMBER

Ooooh, the South Pacific. Sounds, **groovy**, man.

POWERGLIDE

We're comin', Astoria. And awa-aa-
aay we go!

PANEL 2:

Optimus Prime turns and issues orders to JAZZ, standing further back within the HQ.

OPTIMUS PRIME

Jazz, contact all available
Autobots and instruct them to meet
us outside of Las Vegas.

JAZZ

Roger, Prime.

PANEL 3:

EXT. OUTSIDE THE ARK - DAY.

SPLASH PANEL - All in vehicle-mode, Optimus Prime LEADS his convoy of Autobots out of the Ark. Prowl, Wheeljack and Jazz follow close behind their leader while Blaster (now again in boom-box-mode) rides within Tracks's flying-car-mode as it ZOOMS above the others.

OPTIMUS PRIME

Autobots, roll out!

PAGE FIVE:

PANEL 1:

EXT. SEAGRASS ISLAND, THE SOUTH PACIFIC - DAY.

CAPTION: Seagrass Island, South Pacific.

FROM ABOVE - the PICTURESQUE, TROPICAL ISLAND is something from a POSTCARD. LUSCIOUS JUNGLE covers most of the land, surrounded by WHITE SANDY BEACHES, with CLEAR-BLUE water lapping at its shore.

In the CENTER of the island's jungle sits a PYRAMID-SHAPED, GLASS CITADEL, poking free of the trees to mark its position like a MAN-MADE VOLCANO. Its STRIKING DESIGN and PURPLE COLOR SCHEME is a stark contrast to the natural landscape that surrounds it.

ASTORIA

(captioned)

I don't know who you think you are,
but you **clearly** don't know who **I** am
if you think you can get away with
this!

PANEL 2:

INT. INSIDE THE CITADEL.

ASTORIA CARLTON-RITZ stands within a BOX-LIKE CELL,
constructed of PRISON BARS and hanging from the ceiling like
an OVERSIZED BIRD-CAGE.

FURIOUS, she GRIPS the prison bars with INDIGNATION, while on
the floor below her, sits a lavish SUPERCOMPUTER. Its DATA
SCREEN is BLANK, yet its SPEAKERS are emitting some kind of
AUDIO-ONLY COMMUNIQUE.

ASTORIA

I mean, what the heck **is** this?
Where am I? You'd better let me go,
or I'll...

UNKNOWN ABDUCTOR

(transmitted from the
supercomputer's speakers)

That is quite enough, Miss Carlton-
Ritz.

PANEL 3:

CLOSE ON Astoria's INCENSED expression.

ASTORIA

I said, **LET ME GO!** If you think
you're going to get rich from this
hackneyed-little-scheme, then think
again, bozo! You won't get one dime
out of me, **or** my company!

UNKNOWN ABDUCTOR

(off-panel)

Money? You think this is about
money? My dear girl, as you can see
by your lavish surroundings, we
have more than enough money. No,
this is about righting wrongs. This
is about **THE HUNT.**

PANEL 4:

FROM BELOW, ANGLED UP at Astoria's cage - the voice continues to emanate from the supercomputer's audio speakers.

UNKNOWN ABDUCTOR (CONT'D)
(voice only)
And **you're** going to help us!

ASTORIA
Us?

PANEL 5:

Astoria manages to POKE HER HEAD through her prison bars, confronting the supercomputer and its disembodied voice.

ASTORIA (CONT'D)
If you know who I am, then you know who my friends are. Powerglide will come for me. The **Autobots** will come for me!

UNKNOWN ABDUCTOR
(through the audio speakers)
Oh, Miss Carlton-Ritz... Autobots? Coming here?

PANEL 6:

CLOSE ON Astoria's SHOCKED EXPRESSION.

UNKNOWN ABDUCTOR (CONT'D)
(off-panel)
We're **counting** on it! Ha-Ha-Ha-Ha!

PAGE SIX:

PANEL 1:

EXT. THE OUTSKIRTS OF LAS VEGAS - DAY.

CAPTION: The Nevada Desert...

Beneath the BLISTERING SUN, Optimus Prime stands with Prowl, both surrounded by the NEVADA DESERT. In the background, the vehicle forms of Jazz and Wheeljack approach them.

PROWL
This is it, Optimus. Las Vegas.

WHEELJACK
Thank Cybertron! This heat has been murder on my tires.

PANEL 2:

FROM THE OPPOSITE ANGLE - Tracks ZOOMS INTO FRAME from the sky, as Blaster's boom-box-mode LEAPS from the flying Autobot to TRANSFORM and land ON HIS FEET. The city of LAS VEGAS again appears on the HORIZON.

TRACKS

I don't know why-oh-why **anyone** would build such a garish city in the middle of a desert. The humidity alone must be murder!

BLASTER

Hey, speak for yourself, Jack! I can't wait to check out the neon-nightlife!

PANEL 3:

Tracks now TRANSFORMS to land on his feet beside Blaster, who in turn, stands with Optimus Prime and Jazz.

OPTIMUS PRIME

There will be time for sightseeing later, Blaster. But first... Jazz, did you send the others our co-ordinates?

JAZZ

You bet, Prime. All available Autobots are currently groovin' their way to this here location!

PANEL 4:

Jazz TURNS and POINTS TO THE BACKGROUND to reveal the vehicle-modes of IRONHIDE, SMOKESCREEN and MIRAGE making their way ACROSS THE DESERT.

JAZZ (CONT'D)

Check it out! We got incoming from the South!

PANEL 5:

Optimus Prime looks off to the RIGHT OF FRAME, as Jazz points towards more Autobots approaching, namely: RATCHET, SKIDS and WARPETH (also in vehicle-modes).

JAZZ (CONT'D)

And from the East, here comes a few more movers-and-shakers to join the party!

PANEL 6:

FROM ABOVE - Optimus Prime, Jazz and Prowl LOOK UP as Jazz points to the sky. FIVE ROBOTIC SILHOUETTES fall across all three Autobots on the ground.

JAZZ (CONT'D)

And last but not least, from the North...

PAGE SEVEN:

PANEL 1:

FROM BEHIND Jazz and Optimus Prime - The DINOBOTS have arrived. GRIMLOCK, SWOOP, SLAG, SNARL and SLUDGE (in robot-mode) drop from the sky to land before their leader like the most BADASS BOY BAND, ever.

JAZZ (CONT'D)

... the Dinobots!

OPTIMUS PRIME

Excellent.

GRIMLOCK

Hmmm. Me, Grimlock here to save the day.

SLUDGE

Yeah. Where stupid tanks?

SLAG

Me, Slag **smash** them all!

PANEL 2:

As Grimlock stands in the background, Optimus Prime turns towards Jazz and Prowl in the foreground. Prowl is looking through a set of DIGITAL BINOCULARS.

JAZZ

All available Autobots assembled and ready, Prime.

OPTIMUS PRIME

Good work, Jazz. Prowl, what's the status of those tanks?

PROWL
I have a visual, Prime.

PANEL 3:

PROWL'S P.O.V. - Looking through the HEAVILY DIGITIZED filter of his binoculars, the army of a dozen tanks sits just before the city on the horizon. In the foreground, however; a lone MOTORCYCLE and its RIDER speed towards the front of the frame.

PROWL (CONT'D)
A dozen tanks, moving towards our position, Optimus. Whatever they are, we've got their attention. But, wait! Who is that?

PANEL 4:

The MOTORCYCLIST arrives to stop before Prowl and Optimus Prime, reaching for his HELMET as Tracks pushes his way into the foreground.

TRACKS
Wait, it's okay! I think I know this human! Raoul? Is that you?

RAOUL
Hey, Tracks! Long time no see!

PANEL 5:

RAOUL (from *Make Tracks & Auto Bop*) removes his helmet to LOOK UP at Tracks while pointing OFF-PANEL.

TRACKS
Indeed. But, what are you doing out here?

RAOUL
I needed a change of pace, so I thought I'd see what Vegas had to offer. Everything seemed peachy until, well... **they** showed up!

PAGE EIGHT:

PANEL 1:

WITH A BIRDS EYE VIEW SPLASH PANEL, LOOKING DOWN FROM HIGH ABOVE - TWELVE MORE tanks have arrived to join the others in ENCIRCLING the Autobots. Each of our heroes now appear LIKE ANTS in the frame, surrounded by their contentious enemy.

The group of Optimus Prime, Prowl, Jazz, Blaster, Tracks and Raoul are situated in the CENTER of the circle. Tracks has KNELT DOWN to provide shelter for Raoul.

Ironhide and the Dinobots stand towards the LEFT. Wheeljack, Smokescreen and Mirage are positioned JUST BELOW them, while Ratchet, Warpath and Skids remain on the RIGHT of the circle.

JAZZ

Hey, where'd they come from?

PROWL

More tanks? This is getting out of hand.

BLASTER

And hostile!

OPTIMUS PRIME

I agree.

PANEL 2:

SMALL INSERT PANEL - Optimus Prime lifts his ION-BLASTER, turning back to face the Dinobots.

OPTIMUS PRIME (CONT'D)

Dinobots, transform and attack!

GRIMLOCK

Me, Grimlock way ahead of you.

PANEL 3:

Now in their dino-modes, the Dinobots LEAP FORTH to assault the various tanks with a combination of CLAWS, TEETH and FIRE BREATH.

PAGE NINE:

PANEL 1:

With Ratchet and Skids FIRING WEAPONS towards more tanks, Warpath begins to TRANSFORM.

WARPATH

ZOWIE! I've said it before, and I'll say it again...

PANEL 2:

Now in his own tank-mode, Warpath FIRES upon one of the enemy war-machines.

WARPATH (CONT'D)
... **tank** you! A-Ha-Ha-Ha-Ha-Ha!

PANEL 3:

Optimus Prime LEAPS into the air to LAND ON and CRUSH one tank, while a SECOND moves in on him FROM BEHIND.

OPTIMUS PRIME
Hmmm, something about this feels a little too familiar.

PANEL 4:

The second tank FIRES what looks to be a LANDMINE-LIKE DISC that STICKS to Optimus Prime's back.

OPTIMUS PRIME (CONT'D)
What?

PANEL 5:

The device EMITS a powerful ELECTRICAL CHARGE that OVERWHELMS Optimus Prime. Ironhide and Wheeljack look on in HORROR.

OPTIMUS PRIME (CONT'D)
AAAAAAAARRGGHHHH!

IRONHIDE
Prime!

PAGE TEN:

PANEL 1:

EXT. THE SHORE OF SEAGRASS ISLAND - DAY.

CAPTION: Seagrass Island...

As the WAVES CRASH AGAINST THE SHORE, Seaspray (in hovercraft-mode) moves through the SURF towards the BEACH. The JET-PACK-WEARING trio of Bumblebee, Brawn and Beachcomber land in the foreground.

Cliffjumper remains in car-mode in the background, cruising through the waves by use of his HYDROFOILS as Powerglide can't help but LOOP-DE-LOOP in the sky above.

POWERGLIDE
You guys saw that ugly-looking pyramid in the middle of the island, right?
(MORE)

POWERGLIDE (CONT'D)

Looks like that's the place to start kickin' down doors and wipin' floors! Heh, with bad guys, that is.

BRAWN

Quiet, Powerglide. We know this is where that ransom video came from. So let's fan out and see what we can see.

BEACHCOMBER

All right. Like... lead the way, baby. Ooh!

PANEL 2:

EXT. THE SEAGRASS JUNGLE - DAY.

FROM BEHIND - Brawn, Bumblebee and Beachcomber begin to CAREFULLY enter the OVERGROWN JUNGLE.

BUMBLEBEE

Okay, try not to make too much...

PANEL 3:

FROM THE FRONT - Powerglide (now in robot-mode) PUSHES THROUGH Bumblebee and Beachcomber to CHARGE INTO THE JUNGLE.

BUMBLEBEE (CONT'D)

... noise?

POWERGLIDE

C'mon! Astoria needs us! I'll lead the way! I **am** the galaxy's greatest pilot-slash-jungle-adventurer, after all!

BEACHCOMBER

Whoa! Not cool, man. Hey!

PANEL 4:

As Powerglide DASHES off into the distance, Cliffjumper SHOUTS OUT to him, as Brawn lifts Bumblebee back to his feet.

CLIFFJUMPER

Powerglide, you dim-witted dunce! You're gonna give us away!

POWERGLIDE
Don't worry, Astoria! I'm coming!
I'm...

PANEL 5:

CLOSE ON Powerglide's FOOT as it PRESSES DOWN onto some kind of TRAP-TRIGGERING PLATE, semi-hidden in the undergrowth.

POWERGLIDE (CONT'D)
... Huh?!

PAGE ELEVEN:

PANEL 1:

Powerglide is HOISTED INTO THE AIR by what looks like a TRADITIONAL SNARE-TRAP, only this one is constructed from a GLOWING, RED MATERIAL that has SNAKED its way around both of Powerglide's legs to UPEND HIM completely.

Cliffjumper and Bumblebee react with SURPRISE in the background.

POWERGLIDE (CONT'D)
WHOA! What the heck?!

BUMBLEBEE
Powerglide!

PANEL 2:

FROM ABOVE - Powerglide remains SUSPENDED upside-down, DANGLING into the top of the frame, leaving Bumblebee, Cliffjumper, Brawn and Beachcomber below to LOOK UP at their trapped colleague. Seaspray, however has TURNED to look BEHIND HIM as a RUMBLING SOUND echoes through the jungle.

POWERGLIDE
Hey, get me down! This ain't the kind of daredevil dynamics I'm used to!

CLIFFJUMPER
See? What did I tell you? Of all the...

BUMBLEBEE
Take it easy on him, Cliffjumper. Let's just get him down, before...

SEASPRAY
Uh, are any of you landlubbers hearing this?

PANEL 3:

Cliffjumper, Brawn, Seaspray and Beachcomber RUN FOR THEIR LIVES as an enormous SHRUB-CUTTING-BULLDOZER BURSTS through the jungle to TOPPLE SEVERAL TREES and CHARGE directly towards them like the BOULDER from *Raiders of the Lost Ark*.

In the foreground, Bumblebee has already begun to TRANSFORM.

In the air above, Powerglide remains hoisted by his electrified snare.

BRAWN
(looking back at the
bulldozer)
What on Cybertron? Where'd that
come from?

CLIFFJUMPER
I don't know, but I'm more worried
about where it's going!

BEACHCOMBER
Whoa, like... yikes!

POWERGLIDE
Go! Get outta here, guys! Don't
worry about me! No trap can hold
Powerglide for long!

BUMBLEBEE
Move! Move! Transform! Transform!

PANEL 4:

With the pursuing bulldozer TEARING UP the jungle in the background, Bumblebee, Brawn, Cliffjumper and Beachcomber have now switched to vehicle-modes, RACING through the jungle and away from the ravenous machine.

However, Seaspray (still in robot-mode) LAGS BEHIND the others.

BUMBLEBEE (CONT'D)
I don't like this! I've seen this
kind of thing before! But the human
responsible... it can't be him. It
just **can't** be!

CLIFFJUMPER
Let's just get free of this jungle
and you can ask him, yourself!

SEASPRAY
Uh, guys? Do you hear something
else?

PANEL 5:

TWO IDENTICAL METALLIC CYLINDERS swing into the panel from EITHER SIDE OF FRAME to SQUISH Seaspray as though he were an AT-ST being taken out by Ewoks.

SEASPRAY (CONT'D)
GLLRRRK!

PAGE TWELVE:

PANEL 1:

Still SPEEDING through the jungle, Beachcomber and Brawn VEER OFF from Bumblebee and Cliffjumper.

BRAWN
Everybody, fan out! Whatever this
is, we'll be much harder to take
down if we split...

PANEL 2:

A MASSIVE COLUMN, garnished with RED-AND-WHITE STRIPED MARKINGS, pops up from the ground before Brawn.

BRAWN (CONT'D)
... up?

PANEL 3:

Brawn SLAMS DIRECTLY into the column with a painful THUD, as Beachcomber fails to see the PIT that has OPENED UP on the ground in front of him.

BRAWN (CONT'D)
UGHNNF!

BEACHCOMBER
Oh, wow! Brawn, you need to watch
where you're going, man!

PANEL 4:

FROM BELOW, WITHIN THE PIT - Beachcomber FALLS INTO the trench.

BEACHCOMBER (CONT'D)
Whoa, like... easy for me to say!
Yowzah!

PANEL 5:

EXT. A JUNGLE CLEARING - DAY.

Bumblebee and Cliffjumper have made it to a PEACEFUL CLEARING, seemingly safe from the bulldozer and any obvious traps. Cliffjumper SLIDES to a halt as Bumblebee TRANSFORMS to robot-mode.

CLIFFJUMPER

What's goin' on around here? First, Powerglide, then Seaspray. Now Brawn **and** Beachcomber? Something's **HUNTING** us!

BUMBLEBEE

Not some-**thing**. Some-**one**. And if I'm right, it's a human we tangled with years ago. His name is...

PAGE THIRTEEN:

PANEL 1:

THROUGH AN UNKNOWN, KALEIDOSCOPE-LIKE P.O.V. - Bumblebee and Cliffjumper turn to face the foreground with TREPIDATION.

BUMBLEBEE (CONT'D)

Wait. What was that?

CLIFFJUMPER

Oh, great. Now **you're** hearin' things too?

PANEL 2:

Bumblebee and Cliffjumper TURN TO RUN, as a giant MECHANICAL SPIDER jumps free of the jungle and into the clearing.

CLIFFJUMPER (CONT'D)

Spiders?! Now there's spiders?!

PANEL 3:

The spider SHOTS a JET of WEBBING towards Cliffjumper.

BUMBLEBEE

Cliffjumper, lookout!

PANEL 4:

The webbing WRAPS around Cliffjumper as though he were an UNLUCKY FLY.

CLIFFJUMPER

Ugh! Yuck!

PANEL 5:

Bumblebee RUSHES to help Cliffjumper, as the spider MOVES IN on the little, yellow Autobot.

BUMBLEBEE

Hold on! I'll help you!

PANEL 6:

The spider LEAPS onto Bumblebee, trapping him beneath its EIGHT SPINDLY LEGS.

BUMBLEBEE (CONT'D)

Gaaaaagh!

PAGE FOURTEEN:

PANEL 1:

EXT. THE OUTSKIRTS OF LAS VEGAS - DAY.

CAPTION: Meanwhile, back at the outskirts of Las Vegas...

Optimus Prime stands IMMOBILIZED by the DISC that remains stuck to his back. It BEEPS while pulsing with a RED LIGHT from its exterior casing. Smokescreen, Mirage and Ironhide RUN towards their leader from the background.

OPTIMUS PRIME

Can't... move. Circuits...
overloaded.

IRONHIDE

Hold on, Prime!

SMOKESCREEN

We'll save you, Optimus!

PANEL 2:

Several of the robotic tanks appear to BLAST Ironhide, Mirage and Smokescreen with similar, landmine-like discs. Just like Optimus Prime, they too are immediately OVERWHELMED by a potent ELECTRICAL CHARGE.

IRONHIDE
What the heck?!

MIRAGE
Aaaarghhh!

PANEL 3:

Grimlock has also fallen victim to the tanks and their immobilizing discs, standing LIKE A STATUE alongside the EQUALLY-FROZEN pair of Jazz and Warpath.

GRIMLOCK
Me, Grimlock... can't move.

WARPATH
POW! Me neither! I've been
ZZZZAPPED! BAM!

PANEL 4:

While Prowl, Wheeljack and Blaster are all OVERCOME by the tanks and their immobilizer discs, Tracks CROUCHES DOWN to protect Raoul.

PROWL
Ugh!

WHEELJACK
What's... happening... to us?

TRACKS
Go, Raoul. Save yourself. This is
no place for a human!

RAOUL
But, Tracks. What about you?

PANEL 5:

Raoul SPEEDS AWAY on his motorcycle, as Tracks covers his escape by FIRING his BLACK BEAM GUN towards two approaching tanks.

TRACKS
Just go! We'll take care of this!
We're not beaten yet!

PANEL 6:

Both tanks FIRE THROUGH the CLOUD of BLACK BEAM ENERGY that surrounds them to PEPPER Tracks with immobilizer discs, causing him to FALL TO HIS KNEES and FREEZE IN PLACE like the rest of his Autobot brethren.

TRACKS (CONT'D)

Oh no!

PAGE FIFTEEN:

PANEL 1:

WIDE SHOT - Several INCAPACITATED Autobots, including: Optimus Prime, Skids, Swoop and Ratchet, remain in place and unable to move.

RATCHET

Prime, what is this?

OPTIMUS PRIME

I... ugh, I don't know, Ratchet. Perhaps this **is** a Decepticon plot, after all?

PANEL 2:

INT. INSIDE THE SEAGRASS ISLAND CITADEL.

FROM BEHIND - Five SILHOUETTED FIGURES look on at a series of TELEVISION SCREENS, configured together in a THREE-BY-THREE COMPOSITION that would make Ozymandias proud. Each monitor displays the fate of a now-defeated Autobot.

SCREEN 1: Cliffjumper and Bumblebee each wrapped in mechanical spider webbing.

SCREEN 2: Brawn remains smashed against the jungle column.

SCREEN 3: Jazz and Prowl stand frozen in place.

SCREEN 4: A close-up of Optimus Prime's face.

SCREEN 5: Powerglide hangs upside-down from his snare.

SCREEN 6: Smokescreen and Blaster stand incapacitated.

SCREEN 7: A close-up of Slag's face.

SCREEN 8: One of the robotic tanks and its twin-turrets.

SCREEN 9: Beachcomber lies at the bottom of his pit.

UNKNOWN ABDUCTOR

Excellent. Everything is falling into place.

UNKNOWN ABDUCTOR #2

Send in the plane.

PANEL 3:

EXT. THE SKIES ABOVE LAS VEGAS - DAY.

FROM ABOVE - A huge CARGO PLANE cruises through the sky. On the ground below, Optimus Prime, Ironhide and Smokescreen remain stuck in place.

IRONHIDE

Now, what the heck is that thing doin' here?

SMOKESCREEN

I don't know, Ironhide...

PANEL 4:

EXT. THE OUTSKIRTS OF LAS VEGAS - DAY.

The cargo plane LANDS near the contingent of incapacitated Autobots.

SMOKESCREEN

(captioned)

... but, I don't like the look of it.

PAGE SIXTEEN:

PANEL 1:

CONTROLLED by an UNKNOWN SOURCE, a SHOCKED Optimus Prime TRANSFORMS into truck-mode.

OPTIMUS PRIME

What? I'm... transforming? How?

PANEL 2:

Jazz and Prowl also TRANSFORM into vehicle-mode, as do Ratchet and Wheeljack.

JAZZ

Prowl, I'm not doin' this! Are you?

PROWL

Negative, Jazz! We're all somehow being **REMOTELY CONTROLLED!**

RATCHET

What kind of technology is behind this?

WHEELJACK

I dunno. It sure ain't anything I've invented!

PANEL 3:

WIDE SHOT - As the SUN begins to SET on the horizon, the cargo plane's REAR BAY opens while several of the Autobots: Optimus Prime, Jazz, Wheeljack and Ironhide, (now all in alt-mode) drive up the plane's RAMP and LOAD THEMSELVES into its hold.

Without vehicle-modes, Blaster and the Dinobots TRUDGE behind their automotive colleagues like a CHAIN GANG.

GRIMLOCK

How tiny disc make Grimlock walk when he not want to?

BLASTER

I don't know, my man. I don't know.

PANEL 4:

The rear bay of the cargo planes SLAMS SHUT.

BLASTER (CONT'D)

(captioned)

But, I think we're all gonna find out **real** soon.

PANEL 5:

EXT. THE OUTSKIRTS OF LAS VEGAS, FURTHER AWAY - DAY.

Straddling his motorcycle, Raoul has now traveled some CONSIDERABLE DISTANCE away from the danger. He LOOKS BACK THROUGH BINOCULARS at the cargo plane that contains his Autobot friends.

RAOUL

Oh no! They're completely overpowered!

PANEL 6:

Raoul RACES AWAY on his motorcycle.

RAOUL (CONT'D)
I've got to get help!

PAGE SEVENTEEN & EIGHTEEN:

PANEL 1:

INT. THE TROPHY ROOM, INSIDE THE SEAGRASS CITADEL.

CAPTION: Twenty-four hours later...

A DOUBLE PAGE SPREAD - The issue's ENTIRE CAST OF AUTOBOTS stand like SCULPTURES inside a LAVISH TROPHY ROOM, filled with many OVERBLOWN KEEPSAKES, including a STUFFED LION'S HEAD affixed to the wall, a GERMAN WORLD WAR II TANK and a FULL-SIZED SKELETON of a creature that appears to be the BONES of a DRAGON.

On the left: Prowl, Jazz, Blaster, Ratchet, Wheeljack, Brawn, Beachcomber and Seaspray.

In the center: Optimus Prime, Ironhide, the Dinobots and Mirage.

On the right: Cliffjumper, Powerglide, Tracks, Smokescreen, Bumblebee, Skids and Warpath.

In the FAR RIGHT corner of the room, beside a set of SEALED TWIN-DOORS, sits the supercomputer that 'spoke' to Astoria earlier, while the feisty CEO hangs from her cage above the Autobots.

ASTORIA
Powerglide! Optimus Prime! What are you doing here? Why aren't you saving me?

OPTIMUS PRIME
I apologize, Miss Carlton-Ritz. But we... cannot.

PAGE NINETEEN:

PANEL 1:

Astoria LOOKS DOWN towards the frozen-in-place Autobot Leader.

ASTORIA
What are you talking about? You're the Autobots! You can do anything!

PANEL 2:

As Astoria's cage hangs above Optimus Prime, the set of TWIN DOORS beside the supercomputer behind him SLIDE APART. A voice ECHOES OUT from the DARKNESS of the DOORWAY.

UNKNOWN ABDUCTOR #2
(from the doorway)
Ha! Not this time, Miss Carlton-Ritz. **This** time, these marauding mechanoids have met their match!

PANEL 3:

Optimus Prime begins to AWKWARDLY TURN AROUND, once again controlled by an UNKNOWN POWER.

UNKNOWN ABDUCTOR #2 (CONT'D)
Yes, that's it, Optimus Prime. Obey your programming like the good **robot** you are.

OPTIMUS PRIME
Ugh! Still... cannot... resist.

PANEL 4:

FROM THE DOORWAY'S P.O.V. - As Astoria's cage continues to dangle above him, Optimus Prime now faces away from his fellow frozen Autobots: Blaster and Mirage, to STARE DOWN towards his off-panel oppressor.

UNKNOWN ABDUCTOR
(off-panel)
Now, Optimus Prime. Face the man who beat you. Or should I say... **men?**

OPTIMUS PRIME
What? Who?

PANEL 5:

CLOSE ON Optimus Prime's HORRIFIED EXPRESSION of DISBELIEF.

OPTIMUS PRIME (CONT'D)
No! No, it's not possible!

PAGE TWENTY:

PANEL 1:

A SPLASH PAGE reveals the VILLAINS behind this entire ordeal.

LAWRENCE MUDD, ESQUIRE (from *Autobots Under Arrest*) stands in the REAR LEFT corner of the panel, ARMS FOLDED and wearing a SMUG SMILE that's almost as SLEAZY as his CHEAP 1980's SUIT.

SHAWN BERGER (from *Megatron's Master Plan*) stands with his hands on his ROTUND HIPS in the REAR RIGHT of frame.

FRONT AND CENTER - LORD CHUMLEY (from *Prime Target*) stands SMOKING a PIPE, with two EQUALLY SINISTER MEN either side of him.

One is his faithful manservant, DINSMOORE (also from *Prime Target*), while the other is none other than DR. ARKEVILLE (from *The Ultimate Doom & Genius of Science*). Dr. Arkeville has his ROBOTIC HANDS RAISED like a CARTOONISH DRACULA, BEAMING with a DEMENTED GRIN, while Dinsmoore remains behind Chumley like a stereotypical IGOR character.

MUDD

You were expecting someone else,
hmmmm?

BERGER

Oh, I've waited a long time for this. It's about time someone took down you do-gooders! And it looks like my army of robo-tanks did the job nicely!

DR. ARKEVILLE

Yes, thanks to **my** hi-tech modifications and the immobilization discs now keeping these motorized miscreants frozen in place! Ha-Ha! I truly am a **GENIUS OF SCIENCE!**

CHUMLEY

I agree, Doctor. Welcome, Optimus Prime. Welcome to **H.A.T.E.** - Humans Against Transforming Extraterrestrials. **We** hunted you. **We** defeated you. **We** brought you here...

PANEL 2:

A SMALL, INSERT PANEL reveals Optimus Prime's CONCERN.

CHUMLEY (CONT'D)

(off-panel)

And **we...** will **END YOU!**

CAPTION: TO BE CONTINUED...

THE END

We want to thank each and every one of you who took the time to read our script. If you liked what you read here and would like to see more stories in the Transformers G1 cartoon universe, Greig and I would love to keep writing. You could help by contacting IDW Publishing by E-Mail (letters@idwpublishing.com) or on Twitter (@IDWPublishing), and let them know you want to see Transformers: REANIMATED written by Yoshi and Greig Tansley as an ongoing comic book series. Thank You All!